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Choice Loetry.

GREEN APPLES. BT J. T. TROWBEILIGE.

Pull down the bough, Bob! Isn't this fun!
Now give it a shake, and—there goes one!
Now put your thumb up to the other, and see
If it isn't as mellow as mellow can be!
I know by the stripe.
That it must be ripe!
That's one apiece for you and me.

Green, are they! Well, no matter for that; Sit down on the grass, and we'll have a chat; And I'll tell you what old Parson Bute Said, last Sunday, of unripe fruit: "Life," says he, "La a bountiful tree, Heavily laden with beautiful fruit.

"For the youth there's love, just streaked with red,
And great joys hanging just over his head;
Happiness, honor, and great estate,
For those who patiently work and wait—
Hiessings, anid he,
"Of every degree,
Ripening early, and ripening late.

"Take them in season, pluck and eat,
And the fruit is wholesome, the fruit is aweet;
But, O, my friends!"—bere he gave a rap
On his deak, like a regular thunder-clap,
And made such a bang,
Old Deacon Lang
Woke up out of his Sunday nap:—

"Green fruit," he said, "God would not bless; But half life's sorrow and bitterness, Half the evil, and ache and crime, Came from tasting before their time, The fruits Heaven sent." Then on he went, To his Fourthly and Fifthy—wasn't it prime!

But, I say, Bob! we fellows don't care
So much for a mouthful of apple or pear;
But what we like is the fun of the thing,
When the fresh winds blow, and the hang-birds be
Home grubs, and sing
To their young ones, a-wing
In their backet-nest, tied up by its string.

I like apples in various ways:
They're first-rate, roasted before the blaze
Of a Winter's fire; and, O, my eyes!
Aren't they nice, though, made into pies?
I scarce ever saw
One, cooked or raw,
That wasn't good for a boy of my size!

But shake your fruit from the orchard-tree.

And the tune of the brook and the hum of the bee,
And the chipmunk's chippering every minute,
And the clear, sweet note of the gay little linnet,
And the grass and the flowers,
And the long Summer hours.

And the flavor of sun and breeze are in it.

But this is a hard one! Why didn't we Leave them another week on the tree! Is yours as bite! Give us a bite! The pulp is tough, and the seeds are white, And the taste of it puckers My month like a sucker's! I vow, I believe the old parson was right!

Select Story.

MARKED FOR THE KNIFE.

About two years before the startling revelations respecting the dissecting trade in Ediuburgh, had placed the legal supply of "subjects" upon its present satisfactory footing, there occurred to my elder brother, at that time a delicate boy, of about fourteen, a singular adventure, involving such a shock to his nerves as, the doctors believed, very much hastened his death, which occurred in less than a year after it.

We then resided in a large white house, with a row of poplars in front, close to one of our canals. Within a stone's throw of our hall door was a lock and a lock house, and then followed, in the London direction, one of the longest and most solitary levels to be met with in the United Kingdom.

his arm above the elbow, with a gigantic hand, in a gripe like a vice, and jerking him under, sprang over him, thrusting his other arm round and beneath him, so as to pinion him fast. He had carried in his hand the end of the belt which he had removed from around his body while waiting for his prey, and with a dexterity acquired, no doubt, by long practice, in a moment, with the now disengaged hand, he drew it and buckled it round the boy's arms and body at a single jerk, with a pressure so powerful that he could scarcely breath, much less disengage his arms.

In another moment, with his knee on the boy's chest, and one broad hand placed right across his mouth, so as to stifle his sereaus effectually, he hitched round what had seemed to be his hump, but what proved to be, in fact, a bundle, from which, with the other hand, he took out, with the quickness and neatness of a skilled manipulator, two things: one a sort of cushion about eight inches square, covered with chamois-leather—I have that horrible relic, no doubt intending to aid in the process of suffication, still in my possession; the other was the renowned pitchplaster.

My brother had not an idea what he intended, for the direlevence in Editors.

possession; the other was the renowned pitohplaster.

My brother had not an idea what he intended,
for the disclosures in Edinburgh had not yet enlightened and terrified people of all ages throughout England.

The miscreant kept his face close to his victim's,
with his powerful eyes fixed on his. His dark,
lean features and long beak, and the thick hair
that hung forward like a sooty plumage round
them, and the long, sinewy neck that arched over
my poor brother, as he lay at his assailant's mercy, gave him, in the fascinated gaze of the boy,
the appearance of a monstrous bird of prey.

I dare say this ghoul had an actual power, such
as many men are said to possess, of controlling
the springs of action, mental and bodily, by some
occult power of the eye. To my brother, it seemed that it needed a perpetual and desperate
struggle of will to prevent a frightful trance from
stealing over him.

For a moment the wretch's hand was slightly

stealing over him.

For a moment the wretch's hand was slightly raised from the boy's mouth. He intended, no doubt, at this moment, to introduce the pitch-plaster, which was to stop both mouth and nostrils. But my brother, now struggling frantically, uttered two piercing yells, which compelled the murderer to replace his hands before he had accomplished his purpose. He was evidently now transported with fury. Up to this he had been operating as methodically as a spider. He looked so fendish, that my brother fancied he would cut his throat, or otherwise dispatch him at the moment.

would cut his throat, or otherwise dispatch him at the moment.

His plans, however, were different. He had no idea of losing sight of his interests, much less of his safety. No principle of his nefarious trade was better established than the absolute necessity of leaving no trace of actual violence upon the persons of his victims. Even the knee with which he held his prey was padded so carefully that this young boy's breast did not exhibit the slightest contusion, although so long under a pressure which held him at the verge of suffocation.

Ranidly, and with more success, the villain

Rapidly, and with more success, the villain again essayed his final sleight. One dreadful yell escaped, and the deadly pitch plaster was fixed on mouth and nose, and another sound or respiration became impossible.

The leafy bushes above and about him, the figure, the face of the spectre, began to swim before his eyes. He saw the man, still on his knees, rise with a start, and pause, with eyes askance, and dark hand to his ear. In the next instant, he had disappeared.

disappeared.

In his siruggles, the boy now tolled from the lair in which he had been attacked, into the clear light upon the open path, where he lay perfectly insensible.

We then resided in a large white house, with a row of poplars in front, close to one of our canals. Within a stone's throw of our hall door was a lock and a lock house, and then followed, in the London direction, one of the longest and most solitary levels to be met with in the United Kingdom.

The canal, at a point about seventy yards from the lock, makes a slight deflection. The consequence is, that neither the lock nor our house is visible from the long, straight level that follows, and which is closely fenced between tall hedges

Miscellany.

THE OLD ELM TREE.

O, the old elm tree is standing now,
Where it stood so long ago,
When in its shade we children played,
Till the sun in the west graw low;
And its branches reach as far and high,
And the sky above is as clear,
But under it now no children play,
In the golden day of the year.

The sunbeams creep through the rustling leaves. That fall on the moss-grown seat, And tall grass waves where, in other years, It was trodeen by children's feet; And the bees hum lazily in the shade. Through the long, bright Summer's day, And the selt wind mursonra, with lonely sound, Where the children used to play.

They all are gone from their childhood's home, And have wandered far away; Of all the band of that dear old time, There is not one left to-day. They are parted now by many a mile, And the waves, and mountains high; And one has gone to the home beyond. Through the golden gates of the sky.

And many a weary year has gone,
And many a Summer's son
Has passed adown the golden west,
When the long, bright day was done;
And many an Autumn wind has blown,
And many a Winter cast
O'er hill and vale its a harond of anow,
Since the children met there last.

And the weary years will still move on,
With their sunshine and their rain;
But there, in the shade of the old elm tree,
They will never all meet again.
But there is a haves of quiet rest,
And its portain are open wide;
May we, one by one, at the Savior's call,
All meet on the other side!

A BEVOLUTIONARY LANDMARK.

The 614 Trenton Mill and its Mistorical Associations.

The old Trenton mill on the banks of the Assanpink creek, which was burned on Wednesday, will probably be torn down, as the manufacture of paper there has proved unprofitable, and the mill was about being fitted up for the manufacture of woolens. This mill has had much of an historical interest connected with it, and stood on the site of two revolutionary battle fields. On the banks of the Assanpink creek, at the point where afterward this mill was erected, the Hessaiana met with their rout on Christmas eve, Washington having crossed the Delaware amid the breaking ice at King's ford, some distance above Trenton. At the same place lay Cornwallis' army on the night when deceived by the watch fires of the continental army, they awaiting the dawn, expecting to rout the provincials, and instead were awakened by the firing of the gams at Princeton, ten miles away, and noticed that their own army was cut in two, and knew that divided they could only meet a terrible defeat. When the foundations of the mill were laid, 30 years ago, workmen fsund many marks of the presence of the troops, Hessaian, British and Continental, with their distinctive marks; portions of knapsacks, belinets, belt buckles and bayonets; large numbers of bones, cannot halls and unexploded shells, and, in fact, every article likely to be found on a battle field. These relies were sold. Many of them found their way to the State arsenal museum, the museum of the Historical Society, and there is hardly a house in Trenton where some such reminiscence of the revolution cannot be found.

In 1859, when the vaults of the United States bank at Philadelphia were cleared out, all the papers were sold to the Trenton mill and removed there, where they filld two lofts from four to ceiling. Many of these papers were of more interest than ordinary banking papers. Much of the private correspondence centained letters from all the men who had taken part in public for seventy years. Autograph collectors ranged thro The Old Trenton Mill and its Mistorica

AN EPISODE E. C. PORCOT TO THLL.

Every one who has been in Salt Lake City, or the far west, knows with what recklesaness the gamblers there seize upon every opportunity to play a practical joke. No dignity of character or official place deter these desperate men from their fun. A preacher is just as likely to be a victim as the roughest miner; and even the nomines of the Dolly Varden gathering at Cincinnati did not secanse unscathed.

play a practical joke. No dignity of character or official place deler those desperate none from their control of the control

The control of the co

THE OLD HOUSE PAR AWAY. The wild birds tyrbie, the allvery rills Singulaerily round the meet. And the passerily round the meet. And the passerily round the meet. It is not my mether's soi; Its windows are low, and its theists is low, And its prejust while are going:
Oh! I said it! I low it!, where an I go!
The old boose for away!

The little clock ticks on the paries wall, Recording the passing hours; And the pet gertainen grove reads and tall, With its brilliand located designs; And the old staw what, it contrant low. Where mother ast Initing all day: Oh; I see it! There it! where'er get That old house for away!

(From the Toledo Blade.) THE NAMEY LETTE

CONFEDERT I ROADS,

(WICH IS IN THE STATE UV KENTUCKY.)

I was invited to go to a County in Swithern Injeany, in wich I bed some freeds, and assist in fixin the coalishum betwirt the Dimocrisy and the Liberal Republikins, that they mite march to victry without question. I didn't like to leave the Corners. The spring time bys come agin, gentle Anne, and it is pleasant here. The trees is out in blossom, the fittle birds is liftin up ther voices harmoniously, the weather is warm enum! to go barrefooted, and the stoop in front uv Bascom's in never so pleasant to deep upon ex new. The warmth disposes you to shumber, and the fites alut come to murder it. Likket never tastes es well in Kentucky ex in Joon. But when did I ever besitate to go wher dooty calls? I went.

The County hex alluz bin alitely Republikin; that is, Republikin by perhaps two hundred majority; jist enuff to let our peeple git a site at the promist land, without ever enterin into it. The Liberal movement took so well ther, that it become a certin thing that of the Dimocrisy and the Republikin bolters cood only pull together, triming was ashoored. But, I that to myself, this can't possibly be. It will go well enuff till they come to makin a platform, and then they'll split into fragments. Ther is too befty a difference at ween the Injeany Dimocrat and Republikin—a difference based on principle—to admit uv a hope that they kin ever pull troo together. But I determined to do my best, and smooth things so ex to make agreement ex easy ex possible.

I advised, to wunst, that a 'informal consultashun be held, and the follerin wur them ex was appinted to arrange the detales:

DIMOCRAYS—Smith, Brown, O'Shaughnessy, McCloskey, Peters, and Blodgett.

LIBERAL REPUBLIKISS—Jones, Thompson, Adams, Dodder, Potter, and Muggins.

These gentlemen met the same afternoon uv ther appintment, and I setted ex a sort uv umpire, that ther mite be order and sistem observed.

Mr. Smith (Dem.) remarkt that the fust thing in order wood be tossary, uv course, to whittle down in o

ON THE BILL-TOP.

Away in the dim and distant past, That little valley lies, Where the clouds that dimmed life's m Were tinged with hope's sweet dyes.

That penentil spot from which I looked To the feture—maware That the hant and burden of the day Were meant for me to bear.

Alms' alan' I have borne the heat,
To the burden learned to bow;
For I stand on the top of the hill of Mfs,
And I see the senset new.

I stand on the top, but I look not back.
To the way belied me aprend;
Not to the path my fact have trud.
But the path they still must trued.

And straight and plain before my game.
That certain future lies:
But my sun grows larger all the while,
as he travels down the shies.

Yea, the sun of my hope grown large and grand; For, with my childish years, I have left the mist that dismed my sight, I have left my doubte and fears.

And I have gained in hope and trust, Till the future looks so bright. That, letting go of the hand of fuith, I walk, at times, by sight.

For we only feel that faith is life.

And death is the fear of death,

When we suffer up to the solemn heights

Of a tree and living faith.

When we do not say, the dead shall rise At the resurrection's call; But when we trust in the Lord, we know That we cannot die at all!

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN.

shou be appinted, and that six representative men from the Dimocratic party, and six from the Republikin party who hed gone over to Greeley, shood be appinted, and empowered, to fix everything connectid with the campane. The caucus wax held, and the follerin wax them as wax pipinted to arrange the detales:

DEMOCRATE—Smith, Brown, O'Shanghnessy, McCloskey, Peters, and Blodgett.

Laurant Effectualization was a more and blodgett.

These gentlemen met the same afternoon uy there appintment, and I sted et a sort uy umpire, that ther mite be order and sistem observed.

Mr. Smith, O'em, I remarkt that the flust thing in order wood be to fix the platform uy prinsiples in sich a way that both wings uy the new party could stand onto it. Without a platform to stand outo, no Dimocrat cool go into a campane with any feelin av safety. He wood propose the discussen uv the different ishoos afore the peeple. It wood be nessary, uv course, to whittle down in one spot, and swell out in another, to git the prin siples adapted to the slitely diverse ijees aw men wich nearly kept the wood spest that Yooniversal Ammesty be fast discuss.

The other leven hed bin yawnin fearfully does in this orashun, but they each choked off ther respective yawns long enuit for exclaim in korus:

"Wat shel we do with the suffrage question!" asket Mr. Smith.

"Wat shel we do with the suffrage question!" asket Mr. Smith.

"Harst the saffrage question!" exclaimed the eleven, with one voice. "We shel her u trouble with that:

"The tarie—"

"The tarie—" shell all agree on all uv that a platfor that it is a should be a sufficent shows a force the property was long entil for exclaimed the eleven, with one voice. "We shel her u trouble with that:

"The tarie—" shell all agree on all uv that a platform to the platform to the property of the freedmen with need the property of the property of the property of the freedmen with need the eleven, with one voice. "We shel her u trouble with that:

"The tarie—" shell all agree on all uv that a platform to the propert BY COL J. W. FORNEY.